

The Story Club

by Edmund Vanco Conko

PROFESSOR PETER

One day Peter had been particularly growly and grumpy and grouchy and that was the day it happened.

The trouble with Peter was that he thought it rather clever to wear a scowl instead of a smile and perhaps he deserved the scrape he got into, but it was rather hard on the animals.

He was walking along kind of growling to himself and that may

whined and ran up an alley, turning and looking back. "Hullo," said Peter, "he wants me to follow him," and Peter did so, which shows he was really a good fellow after all.

The Yellow Dog led him to where a white horse stood, hitched to a closed cab, but without a driver. Then the door of the cab flew open and a long, hairy arm sprang out, grabbed Peter around the body and yanked him into the



have been the reason the Yellow Dog thought he was laughing. You have noticed that when a dog is playing with you and is perfectly happy and delighted, he usually growls down in his throat, as he tugs at the rope you are holding, or grabs at the ball he wants you to throw.

So perhaps the Yellow Dog thought he was laughing. Anyway, he stopped in front of Peter,

cab. At the same time the door closed and the White Horse started at a brisk trot.

Peter was so frightened at first he couldn't speak and when he did try to yell aloud, the great, hairy hand of a large ape went across his mouth. However, he noticed that the ape didn't hold him tightly and didn't press his hand against his face roughly.

The cab rumbled along over as-